

*Q: What is a Juggallo?*



*A: A Dead Body*



# DEFENSE OF THE JUGGALLO



*JeanGenet Ramsey*







BUILD THE DARK



CARNIVAL!!



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Since their rise to public prominence in the mid/late 90s, Insane Clown Posse, and consequently the juggalo subculture, have stood out as a seemingly inexplicable mass phenomenon, and one subject to vicious scorn and mockery. In the past year, there has been a resurgence of morbid interest/hipster kid shit talk toward juggalos due to the “viral” success of the video for ICP’s “Miracles,” a knowingly goofy ode to the inexplicable beauty of the world. This video’s success laid bare, at least for myself, the profound class tensions existing within the anti-juggalo discourse. The cold reality of this is that the juggalo is mocked precisely because they are unabashedly proletarian and in open conflict with the social, and thus in conflict with the liberal/managerial class who so proudly mocked the “stupid fucking juggalos” who didn’t care



how magnets worked. This is not to say that juggalos are not in need of critique, given ICP's relentless, KISS-like profiteering and the common subcultural problems of heteronormativity, racism, and misogyny, but as broke ass prole kids looking to fuck shit up, we are the comrades of the juggalo. So, in my defense of the juggalo to the anarchy-dweebs who may read this, I may begin with a critical reading of the classic "What Is A Juggalo?"

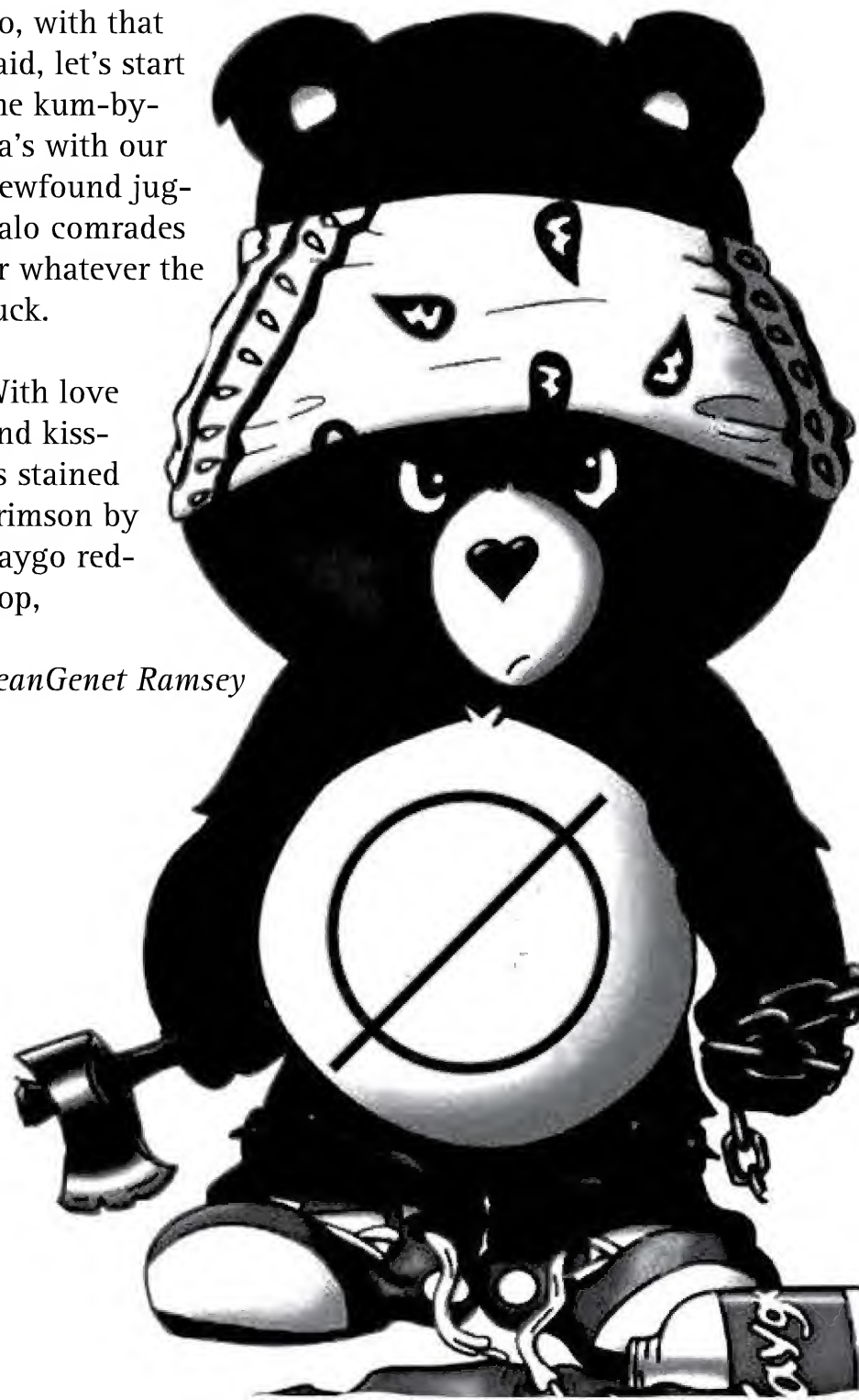


The opening line, "Oh, he gets butt naked. And then he walks through the street winkin' at freaks, Wit a two-liter stuck in his butt-cheeks!" strikes me as an immediate implication of a queer, insurgent element in the juggalo identity. For one, a two liter is a hell of an insertion, and I have nothing but respect for someone fierce enough to fit one in, hold it, and run. Secondly, while there is without a doubt an element of "so manly I can look like a faggot and still be manly" that I'm sure more reactionary juggabros latched onto, there is also an assumption of a certain queer hostility. Rather

So, with that said, let's start the kum-by-ya's with our newfound juggalo comrades or whatever the fuck.

With love  
and kisses  
stained  
crimson by  
Faygo red-  
pop,

*JeanGenet Ramsey*



kind of class war Leatherface is bad ass as all hell.

Shortly after this lyric the song devolves into stupid masculinist braggadocio about placing genitalia/jizz in people's food, but redeems itself somewhat with the line "He's a graduate. He graduated from..... well, At least he's got a job, he's not a dumb putz, He works for himself scratchin' his nuts, ha!" What begins with an exclamation of intellectual superiority becomes ironically torn down until the juggalo is positioned against schooling and against work, simply scratching his nuts in celebration of his lazy ass lumpenprole-ness.

But in spite of these radical configurations of the juggalo, we are warned that "people like him till they find out he's unstable." This instability may serve as a potent warning to anarchists in search of the revolutionary subject. The juggalo exists in a state of permanent revolt, and yet, as Frere Dupont points out, "Revolt is permanent, irreducible. It is a spring of perversity that does not run dry. If it has been duped today, it is renewed tomorrow. It has no memory, it has no history, no value, no allegiance, it goes uncalculated and is unpredictable. Revolt persists on the other side of every fence that could be built to include it." Juggalo negativity, and thus juggalo revolt, because of its total instability, cannot be folded into any milieu and is itself a revolt against any attempt to be put to use. While your pro-revolutionary urges may be to try and go forth and "reach out" to juggalos, you will undoubtedly look like a jackass and have balls put in your soup. In short, there can be no Insane Clown Party.

than taking the form of a queer identity, there is an anarchic ego tripping, a gleeful taking on of faggotry coupled with a simultaneous negation of the abject position by publicly flaunting his transgression. In his mere winking at freaks, he expresses, (in the words of Agamben) "neither apathy nor promiscuity nor resignation. These pure singularities communicate only in the empty space of the example, without being tied by any common property, by any identity." In short, juggalos are the exemplars of the coming community.

And yet, "He might try to put a weave in his nut hair. Cuz he could give a fuck less what a bitch thinks, He tell her that her butt stinks, and all that." There is without a doubt an overt misogyny in this, and I make no attempt to disguise it though I do not linger because this is, after all, a defense. However, we find a fairly similar idea articulated in the Theory of the Jeunne-Fille by tiqqun. By contrasting himself to the intentionally beautiful bitch/jeunne-fille, the juggalo refuses to valorise himself as a site of value production. He deliberately makes himself unnatural and monstrously revels in the abject portions of his body, putting weaves in his pubic hair rather than making his genitalia into a smooth space for



capital. Rather than negate the female body in pursuit of a modernist perfect form, he proudly tells her of her fecality, negating her as woman (which is without a doubt problematic) and leaving her as stinking, shitty anus-having singularity.

“He drinks like a fish, And then he starts huggin’ people like a drunk bitch, Next thing he’s pickin’ fights with his best friends, Then he starts with the huggin’ again.” Again we find a rejection of common identity. Even the social form of the crew/group of friends is negated in a drunken, irrational urge towards love and violence (as if the two were ever separate.) It appears that the juggalo is posited, for better or for worse, as the wholly free individual/liberated subject, wholly asocial with no master beyond his own desires.

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But in spite of this macho assertion of asociality, the juggalo is “A fuckin’ lunatic. Somebody with a rope tied to his dick, Then he jumps out a ten-story window.” This juggalo, in spite of his (perhaps ironic) assertions of masculinity, is quick to be irrational, suicidal, and self castrating. Juggalo negativity does not stop at merely negating the social and “the bitch,” it

negates all associated with masculinity and the phallus (though you would never know it from an interaction with your average juggabro). The choice of the word “lunatic” here seems revealing, given it’s etymology and associations with a sort of opaque, feminine madness. But that’s getting into some woo-woo shit and let’s just leave it at a negation of the phallus.

“What is a juggalo? A dead body. Well he ain’t really dead, but he ain’t like anybody that you’ve ever met before.” Here the juggalo is figured more explicitly as the abject, being conflated with the figure of the corpse. And yet, again the position of the abject is confounded by not being “really dead”, but instead unlike anybody else. To reiterate, the juggalo appropriates belonging itself such that they belong to no class (i.e. the abject) “really”, but may belong as suits them.

“He’ll eat monopoly and shit out connect four... He ain’t a bitch boy. He’ll walk through to the hills and beat down a rich boy.” Can I get a “woop woop” for class war? Cuz woop fathafuckin woop. The usage of “bitch” remains seriously problematic, but figuring the juggalo as a force that transforms games of commodification and exchange into “childish” fun games and then stalks and beats down rich kids like some

